

Consumation

by Ecchi Girl

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-07-14 03:16:56

Updated: 2011-07-14 03:16:56

Packaged: 2016-04-26 11:48:03

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,965

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Ahh the sweet consumation of marriage. And the severe awkwardness.

Consumation

****Another product of free writing for one of my novels. I refuse to divulge any information on them until they are published BUT just know there are at least 41 ideas in the work. I also have a FREAKING TON of fanfics as you all know. I hope you enjoy.****

Hiccup and I were both embarrassedâ€¦I could tell by the look in his eyes as the women drug me off to get ready for the consummation of our marriage. It took all three of the women to get my formal dress off. I was NEVER wearing something that complicated again. Mom handed me a simple dress that was VERY revealing. It was blue with black patterns of elaborate swirls around the hem, butt, and over the bodiceâ€¦which consisted of little more than two pieces of cloth with a string to tie around my neck. I slipped the dress on and the ladies tied it loosely around my neck for me, and re-situated my bridal crown.

"Ready dear?" my mother asked. I felt flames lick my cheeks but nodded. I was ready. I had been ready since my first flight on Toothless.

"Alright, we shall go and fetch him," she said, everyone made their way out the door smiling, knowingly. I sat down on the bed and, for a while, thought about positioning myself seductivelyâ€¦then I remembered everyone was going to be watching and opted to just sit there. I stared at my fists in my lap until I heard the rhythmic thumping and clicking of Hiccup's footsteps and the chatting of the Witnesses. I noticed I couldn't hear Hiccup's voice but his footfall was evident. He was leading the procession but probably even more nervous than me so hence his silence.

The door opened and there he stood, the witnesses behind him and a blush tinting his cheeks so he looked more like a nervous Nightmare than a Viking man about to be with his wife for the first time. Hey it was Hiccup. He stepped forward and knelt onto the bed beside me. I flushed as the Witnesses filed in and took their place on the wall. Hiccup lifted his shaking hand and gently removed the bridal crown and laid it on the table. He leaned forward and took my cheek in his hand and gently kissed me. I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around his neck lacing my fingers in his hair. His arms were tentative as they wrapped around my waist and hefted me into his lap. That was more gusto than I expected from him all night.

I wrapped my legs around his waist as his hand pushed my dress higher, his calloused fingers tickling my thigh gently. I tossed my head back in a gasp and his lips traveled down the hollow of my throat. I moaned his name. My hands clutched his hair and pulled him closer to me. I felt his hands move up from their place on their thighs to the tie around my neck, pulling it down and revealing my bare breasts which he then cupped and started running his thumb, calloused from years of working in the forge, over my budding nipple. Delight coursed through my veins.

"Hiccup!" I gasped, as he latched onto my breast. He suckled gently, still kneading the other lightly. I arched further into his touch. His free hand lighted on the small of my back, pulling me closer, if possible. I felt his excitement pressing against my inner thigh. I moaned softly as it wasn't quite pressing where it needed to be against my aching core. I pushed him back and started to pull at his cape. The bear fur fell to the floor and I started to pull at his belt getting it free and sliding his tunic over his head. I sat back admiring the thin frame but solid muscles lining it from years of working in the forge and training with Toothless.

I traced my fingers lightly over his muscles, gently. I felt his strong heartbeat and heavy breath as my hand traveled over the skin, leaving a trail of chill-bumps. His hands had lighted on my hips under my dress. I loved the feel of his skin on mine. I leaned down and kissed him softly.

Hiccup surprised me even further by rolling us to where I was looking up at him. I felt my chest heaving and I knew the look on my face was one of surprise but it was short lived when he dipped his head low and captured my lips. I gasped as his tongue traced my jaw.

"Nnnnnn," I moaned, arching up into him. Hiccup pushed my dress up so that he could get his hands under it. This was very uncharacteristic of him but at this moment I was too blissful to complain. I was enjoying this way too much.

"Astrid," he whispered running a hand up my thigh, but he couldn't hide his nerves from me. I could feel how much his hand was shaking. It slowed as it neared my core and never quite reached it.

"Go on," I gasped, trying to get him to move closer, to touch me where I so needed it, but he never did. His nervous hand just stilled over my core. I could feel the heat from it but I wanted to feel those callouses from years in the forge, I wanted to feel those skilled fingers. Just thinking about it got me wet and hot.

"Umm?" he said unsure of what to do. I reached down and grabbed his

wrist, pulling it the rest of the way to my core. It was amazing; the sensations running through my body were like fire, burning my nerves. I moaned in delight as his fingers gently rubbed over my clit.

"Ohhh!" I gasped. I was right. Fire seemed to blind me as his strong hand cupped me. I arched into his touch. My breath coming in heaving gasps.

"Gods, Astrid. You are so wet," he muttered, rubbing my woman's lips getting them even wetter.

"Uhhnn," I groaned, rocking into his hand. He pressed it firmly to my scalding core. My mouth opened in an O of delight as he pressed a finger into me. Still very uncharacteristic of him but so satisfying. I had resolve that he would do nothing that would make sense tonight. As long as he kept me this blissfully happy I could care less. I started making pathetic whimpering noises as his strong digit started exploring my woman's cave.

"Gods, Hiccup!" I gasped as his finger brushed over a bundle of nerves. I jerked in delight and wrapped my legs around his back.

"Astrid," he moaned, as I bucked into him. I gasped in delight as he ran his fingers over me again. I bucked and my hands clutched his hair desperately, my fingernails scraping over his pale back, dotted with freckles and now with red lines as well. "Oh gods, Astrid."

"Mmm," I moaned unable to form coherent words. I slid my hand between us, rubbing up and down the muscles of his chest before making my way down into his trousers. He gasped when my hand lighted on his engorged member. I slid his leggings down enough to free his proud cock.

Several of the women gasped in surprise at his size. It only served me a reminder that there were people here watching this, and made me forever grateful that Hiccup was kind enough to keep my dress over my waist.

"You know, I REALLY appreciate your consideration," I said, looking up at him, my breath heaving.

"Thought you might," he said, his lips dancing over mine.

"Mm," I replied, grabbing his hips to encourage him, "Go on. Take me." I encouraged, pulling him close to me.

"I love you," he whispered, along my lips.

"Go." He started to push himself into me slowly. It hurt. It hurt A LOT. I bit my lip to stifle a cry of agony. I shut my eyes in pain but not before catching sight of his concerned gaze. I gave him a pained smile, reaching up and stroking his cheek. He swallowed hard and gave a sharp nod and closed his eyes pressing into me with a more determined fervor.

Once he was fully in me he just lay there, letting me adjust to his size. His calm breathing steadied my nerves and I forced myself to

relax as his hands traced my bone structure softly and murmuring softly in my ears trying to calm me. My fists were clenched in pain as it slowly ebbed. But I was a Viking and not supposed to feel pain.

Well okay I felt pain but I was usually strong enough to ignore it. Thisâ€|this was like I was being ripped apart from the inside. I gritted my teeth and shifted my hips to see if it would help and it feltâ€|better. It wasn't completely painless but the friction between us felt so much better than the still agony that we had before.

"Move," I whispered, "Easy," I hissed when he shifted a bit fast. He bit his lip trying to rein himself in. I knew that while only slightly pleasurable for me right now there were sensations of awe-inspiring delight running his length right now.

"S-sorry," he stuttered.

"Don't apologize, just move slower," I said, pushing his hair back. He started his movement again much more slowly this time. It feltâ€|nice. I let out a hiss of pleasure and he stopped again, mistaking it for pain.

"Astrid?"

"That was a good hiss," I whispered, shifting my hips, encouraging him to move again. He gulped audably and I couldn't help but notice his bobbing Adam's apple. I smirked and leaned up to kiss his neck, nipping it as I traveled down it up and down. He groaned lightly and moved one hand up to cup my face, pulling my lips to his as he started his gently rhythm. He pulled back, nipping up my jaw to my earlobe, taking it in his mouth and suckling gently.

"Unnn," I groaned, arching into his moving body. Sweat beaded on our bodies at the heat and friction between us. I moved my hands to his hair and clutched fistfuls of it desperately.

"Astrid," he gasped. I locked my legs around his hips pulling him deeper into me. "Omf," he muttered, awkwardly into my shoulder. My hands rolled over his back gently as he slowly regained his composure. He looked down at me with a smirk then continued his rhythmic thrusts. We were gasping and moaning so that we had become oblivious to the witnesses in the room.

"Astrid, I-I'm close," he ground out, digging his hips into my own.

"Mnn," I managed, as my throat had seemed to stop working on its own. He gave a grunt and buried himself deep in me. I gasped and arched into him as blinding pleasure seared through my veins. I collapsed gasping, as he pulled me close. Our limbs were shaking from the adrenaline given off but we were happy.

With one last nod the witnesses left. When we were alone I looked up at Hiccup and smiled. He kissed my forehead.

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

"Good, then let's see what we can do about the rest of these ceremonial clothes," I said, tugging at his trousers now down at his knees.

"Nap first. Finish undressing spouse later," Hiccup muttered into my hair. I smiled.

"Okay."

**Well there it is. It isn't much but I hope you guys like it.
**

End
file.